

# Ghost Trains

## Morgan Geist

Crash on the highway,  
Stranded between  
My friends had waited,  
But left without me  
A glimpse on the platform,  
We met on the train  
She came from further,  
Heading my way

Three days in April,  
Three years ago  
One black eyed stranger  
I learned to know  
Made all my plans stop  
Shook me off track  
Ten days of longing  
I followed her back

A plane made of paper  
Struck by the light  
Circled forever  
Over the city at night  
Like a movie,  
Like a song,  
How it should be  
Being young

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